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AUBERT GALLION QUE
Mrs W M Pozer
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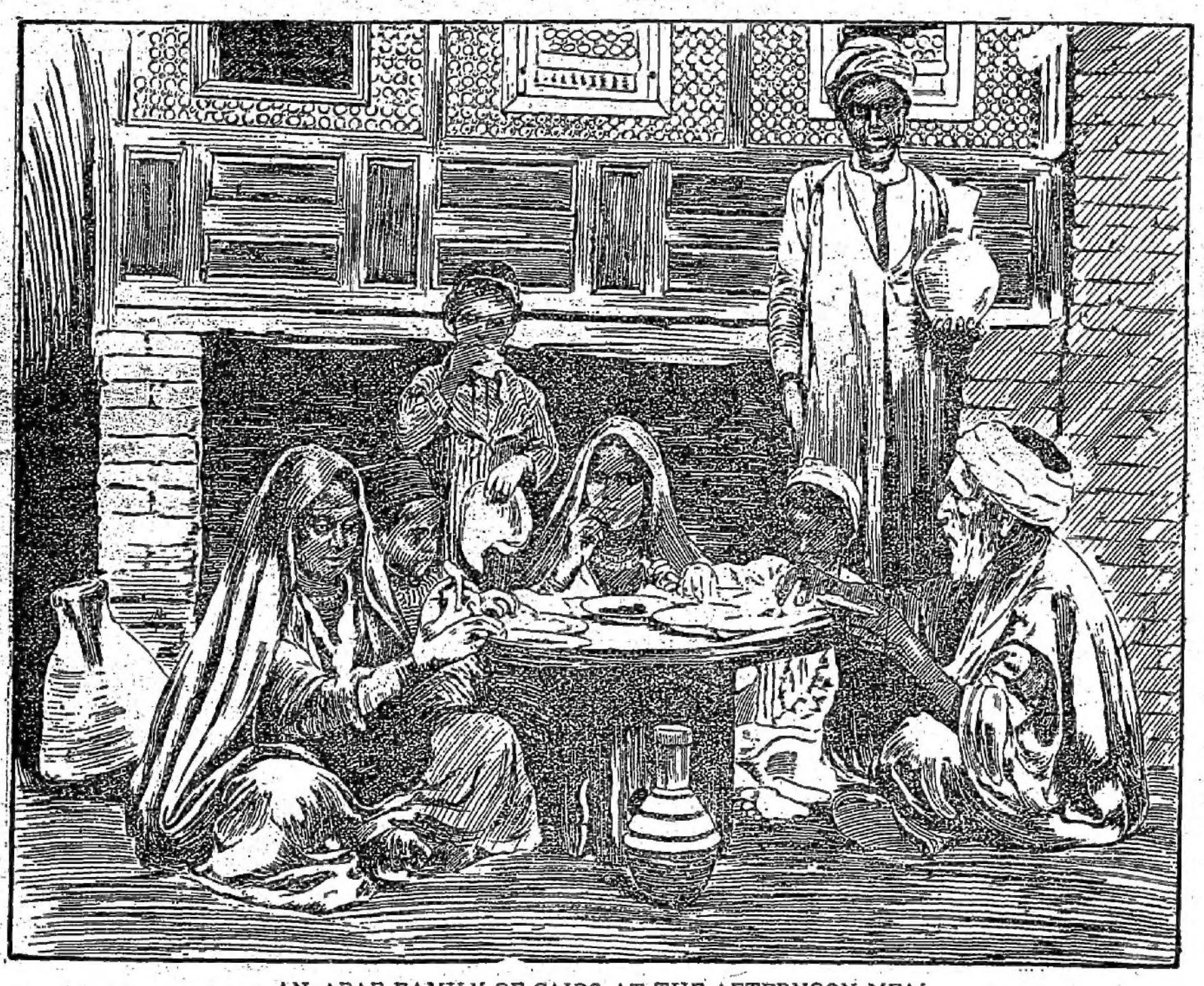
Hospitality in the Orient.

Hospitality is one of the leading traits of the Oriental character. With the Arabs it is a part of their religion, and whether the host be Bedouin or city dweller, the duty is equally incumbent upon him to extend to his guest the best his home affords, and to give him also complete protection while under his roof. In multitudes of Arab homes in the cities of Arabia proper, as well as among the Syrian Arabs, who have adopted the Jewish mode of life, the same generous rules of hospitality that prevailed in patriarchal times are still observed. The stranger must be welcomed, and to drink coffee, or even water, or to break bread and eat salt together, establishes a sacred bond of amity. It is not strange, therefore, that even in the humblest of Arab dwellings in Cairo, Damascus or Jerusalem, the needy stranger usually finds a welcome, and a seat at the household table.



AN ARAB FAMILY OF CAIRO AT THE AFTERNOON MEAL.

Everywhere in Egypt and Palestine, small low, flat tables, of the same general character as that shown in our illustration, are in common use. In some parts of the Holy Land, the peasants—Arab, Syrian and Hebrew alike—use a flat, circular leather bag (through which a cord has been run), and at meal-time this bag is placed on the ground, with a small wooden stool placed in the centre, to receive the principal dish, the other dishes being laid on the bag. In many homes, however, the bag is dispensed with and a table with platters to hold the chopped meat is used instead. Around this the entire family sit down in a circle, all squatting either on mats or upon the ground, each member having previously washed his hands with the most scrupulous care. Each diner takes a cake of thin dough (which has been baked on a hearth of heated stones), and rolling or twisting it with his fingers, dips it into the principal dish, a portion of which is conveyed to the mouth. When the tough, thin cake becomes soft it is eaten with the rice or stewed meat, or whatever the dish may be. Everything is eaten with the fingers. Water is served at table from baked clay jars or pitchers of the same unvarying pattern so common in the East. After the meal, the crumbs and bits of refuse are thrown to the dogs or fowls, and the table set in a corner for future use.

There are many points of resemblance between the tables of the ancient Hebrews and those in use among the Arabs to-day. A feature of both was a piece of skin or leather spread upon the ground upon which the table was set. In Palestine at the present day the custom is to use a polygonal stool called the kursi, about 14 inches high, surmounted by a tray — the seniyeh—made either of basket-work or metal, and upon this the food is placed, the whole table being known as the surfrah. Under the tray on a mat lies the bread and the water-pitcher is conveniently near. In homes of the better class, a servant stands behind the diners to pass the water pitcher and wait upon any guest who may be present.

From the Persians, Greeks and Romans, the richest people of the East adopted many luxurious practices, among them the custom of reclining at meals. 'Dinner-beds' were among the luxuries of King Ahasueras's palace at Shushan, and special tables were placed in front of the couches or divans for the convenience of the guests.

Wherever any allusion appears in either the Old or New Testament to 'sitting at meat,' it is probable that the custom of reclining is implied. Among the poorer people, however, the old method of sitting around a common table is everywhere prevalent. In ancient Egypt, low chairs or stools were employed, on which the diners sat with the right knee raised to form a support for the hand. One or two guests usually sat at a table, though sometimes—as on the occasion of a high feast or banquet

—the tables were often of sufficient size to accommodate a considerable number of persons.—'Christian Herald.'

The Coming of the King.

(Marie Joussaye.)

They summoned the myriad slaves of earth,
The sad-faced toilers of humble birth,
Saying, 'Work, we bid ye, oh, slaves of the land,'
Build us a mansion more high and grand,
Than ever was seen on earth before,
For our King is coming to rule once more.
So build us a palace, grand and great,
Where our King can rule in royal state.'

And the toilers labored with all their might
Through many a weary day and night,
And the palace walls rose high and grand
'Neath the wondrous skill of brain and hand,
And the feast was spread in the banquet hall,
Where the rich and mighty assembled all,
In costliest garments all were dressed
Waiting to welcome the Kingly guest.
And luxury, warmth and light were there
And the glimmer and gleam of jewels rare,
And the sheen of garments rich and grand,
The labor of woman's toil-worn hand,
And the bells rang out in joyous mirth
To welcome the Prince of Peace to Earth.

And the work of the weary slaves was o'er,
Their masters needed their toil no more,
All was in readiness for the guest
And the weary slaves, for a while might rest,
'Hasten,' they said, 'from the palace door,
All ye who are lowly born and poor,
When the King arrives in royal state
It is fitting that none but the rich and great,
The ruler, the statesman, the scribe and priest,
Should sit with Him at the royal feast,
So depart ye slaves from the palace door,
Go, seek your homes in the haunts of the poor,
Lest your garments worn and your faces thin,
Should offend His eyes as He enters in.'

And the weary toilers went slowly home
Through the darkening streets, their work was done,
But some of them lingered and dared to stay
To see the King as He passed that way,
Though the royal feast was not for them
Yet they might touch His garment's hem.
But even as the rulers sat in state
A knock was heard at the palace gate,
'The King has come, at last,' they cried,
And their hearts beat fast with joy and pride,
'Our King has kept His royal word,
Let us all go forth and meet our Lord,'
And they all went forth, that stately throng,
And the palace gates were open flung,
And there in the entrance stood a man
In the humble garb of an artisan.

A murmur of anger, loud and long,
Went up from that jewelled, silk-robed throng,
That one from the ranks of the low and poor,
Should dare to knock at the palace door.
And they frowned on Him as He meekly said,
'I am tired and hungry, give me bread,
I have journeyed many a mile this day
And my path lay over a rugged way,
My limbs are weary and ready to sink,
I am tired and thirsty, give me drink'

And they answered Him as with one accord,
'This is the palace of Christ the Lord,
Within the hall the feast is spread,
Is it right that a beggar should eat the bread
That is meant for a Prince of royal race?'
And they shut the door in the stranger's face.

Then they all went back to the banquet room,
And waited long for the King to come,
And the lights burned dim as the night wore on,
And hope from their bosoms was almost gone
And they said at the first faint gleam of day,
'Surely the King has lost His way.
Let us all go forth with willing feet
Through every by-way and every street,
Let us hasten before it is too late,
And show Him the way to the palace gate.'

So all that day with willing feet,
They searched through the crowded city street,
For a Kingly Stranger, but all in vain,
And their tears fell fast like the summer rain,
And their sorrow was deep as well as loud,
For they loved their King, but their hearts were proud,

Imitating a Native Lullaby Collects a Congregation.

Many were the linguistic mistakes made by Mr Ruskin when at first preaching the gospel in the tongue known by the natives; and on one occasion a boy who acted as interpreter reminded him that in his prayer he had asked God to 'chastise' them, the word for 'chastise' being similar in sound to the word 'bless.' Possessing natural powers of imitation as well as of language, Mr. Ruskin was able to learn the mother's lullaby song so perfectly that on one occasion he used his art to soothe the feelings of startled natives, who had fled to the bush. 'Some of the natives heard me sing the lullaby,' said Mr. Ruskin, 'so they held a palaver, when my conduct was discussed. They came to the conclusion that I was a very strange white man, for I had learned their language and their songs. Going into a town one day, I tried to gather the men and the woman to a gospel meeting, but they fled at my approach. In their flight they left a wee baby by the roadside. I took the child up and sung to it my lullaby. The baby was soothed. I sang the lullaby louder, and presently men and women came from the plantation to the spot where I had concealed myself. Imagine their astonishment when they saw me singing their song to one of their own babies. Thus reassured, they assembled in large numbers, when I preached to them the gospel of Jesus and his love. It had such an effect. "White man," said one chief, "we have heard the story of slavery, we have heard about Arabs who have only come to kill us; but we have never before heard the story of Jesus and his love." So delighted were these poor people that they pressed me to call another meeting and preach the gospel again.'

Related at Mildmay Conference.

CANNIBALS SCARED BY A PRAYER.

Mr. A. E. Ruskin, of the Congo Baloio Mission, related the following incident at the Mildmay Conference: 'We had a unique prayer-meeting at one town of the cannibals. We were to have an open-air gospel meeting, and Mr. Sinclair said to a chief, "Before I tell you the story of Jesus I must pray." He did not understand, and so he told them to close their eyes and he would pray. At the end of the prayer, Mr. Sinclair, on opening his eyes, was surprised to find that there was not a single individual present but himself. He went in search of his congregation, and found the warrior chiefs hiding behind trees, the women and children crouching under bushes. "What does this mean?" asked Mr. Sinclair, who demanded an explanation. "Well," said the chief, "you closed your eyes, lifted up your face, and we heard you speaking. We began to look up there (pointing to the sky), and we thought something was going to happen—an explosion; we thought you were calling down supernatural power, and we just bolted." Then we preached the gospel to them and prayed. The natives don't run away from a meeting now, because they have been taught what prayer means.'

Touching stories in relation to the heroic Christian conduct of Mr. Scarnell, who not long ago died in the Bonganda district of the Congo Free State, were related by Mr. Ruskin, who was one of his fellow-workers. 'Worn out by the climate and his duties, brave Mr. Scarnell, who lived at a station where there was no other white man, was stricken down by a fever, and took to his bed. The nearest doctor was 900 miles off. So the native boys, who loved Mr. Scarnell, acted as doctors; but they were puzzled as to what they should give him. They brought him some sulphuric acid, whereupon Mr. Scarnell said to them, "This is poison. You do not know what to give me; but there is one thing you can do—you can pray." But the time came when the noble missionary said to the boys, "I am going home to be with Jesus." "Don't die," they exclaimed; "if you die the cannibals will come to our town and eat us." They left him for two hours, when an aged chief knocked at the missionary's door; but there was no answer. Then the chief and the boys crept in. There was the heroic man, on his knees, with his arms stretched out and his face lifted heavenward, but his spirit had gone to be with Jesus. No mother to stand beside that bed, no sister to weep for him, no undertaker to bury him. Then the natives said, "What can we do? Let us weep"—and they wept. Next they tried to make a coffin (they had never made one before), and were constructing a rough one, when a cry was raised, "The cannibals are coming! The cannibals are coming!" The boys buried Mr. Scarnell in haste, out of sight of the cannibals, and for several nights watched over his grave, now and then firing off old muskets to scare away the man-eaters. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." Before this heroic man laid down his life there was scarcely a Christian in that district. Now there is a native church of believers with a membership of forty-five.'

General Cotton, of Dorking, now in his ninety-sixth year, attributes his good health to abstinence from alcoholic drinks, and smoking.—'League Journal.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

'Papa is Coming.'

The long day's work was ended. All the hands of the 'Vulcan Iron Foundry' had left except the foreman, a pleasant-looking man, who was known familiarly as 'Jones,' and Leighton, a workman, who had remained to assist in closing up. As the foreman was about to lock the foundry door, Leighton, bidding him good-night, started in the direction of the village tavern, which hung out as its sign a large eagle.

'Come, come, Leighton,' said the foreman, 'suppose you give "The Eagle," the cut to-night. It's ill good you get at that wretched tavern,'

'Look a here, now, Jones,' remarked the

"PAPA IS COMING!"

workman, bitterly, 'it's all very well for such as you to chaff, when you're boss, an' has got a comfortable home, an' everything to your likin'.'

'Well, my man; but—'

'Oh! I know as what you would say. You needn't be asking me to give up my drink. I've tried that too many times. It's no use, I tell you, for me to ever try again. But I can't be fooling here, the boys will be waiting for me at the tavern.'

'Hold on, Leighton, I want you to take tea with me at my house.'

'You don't mean it!'

'Yes, I do.'

'Reckon I can't.'

'Yes, you can,' said Mr. Jones, taking his arm and starting up the street before he could reply. They passed through a shaded lane, leading across green fields, to the foreman's cottage. As they turned a corner a childish shout was heard, and two pairs of roguish eyes appeared above the fence, and as suddenly disappeared. Then, a pattering of little feet, up the garden walk, a race to be 'first to kiss papa,' and in a moment the foreman was a prisoner, held fast by four little hands stretched upwards for the seat of honor on father's strong right arm. This point of order was quickly settled, and seated on either shoulder they rode in triumph to the gate, proclaiming to the mother who smilingly awaited them, —'Papa's come, we've brought him home.'

An uneasy recollection came to Leighton of his last meeting with his family,—'Could it be true that he was so drunk as to kick little Johnnie and swear at his little sister, and break up his wife's dishes?' He tried to believe otherwise, but it was not an easy task to do so.

After tea, while Mrs. Jones entertained their guest with pleasant conversation, the boy and girl, climbing upon either side of their father's armchair, claimed 'a story.' A short one was quickly told, to their great satisfaction, and then giving a good-night kiss to all, they followed their mother to their rooms. Left alone to themselves, Mr. Jones talked earnestly with the workman till far into the evening. Midnight found them on their knees, while one, with broken confession and trembling resolve, implored help of him who is a deliverer of captives.

'And now, James,' said the foreman, 'you will stay here to-night, and go down to the shop with me in the morning.'

The next morning Leighton's wife was surprised by a visit from Mrs. Jones. Great changes were wrought within the tumble-down house before the foreman's wife returned to her own home. That night, for the first time in many days, James Leighton came home direct from the shop, with a steady step, a clear head, and a pleasant word for his family.

'Strange,' he thought, as he opened the door, and observed the neatly arranged room, 'I didn't know it made such a difference! Why, even the old house looks better!'

Now, that he thought of it, his two children, Johnnie and Annie, were pretty good-looking, and he went over to the corner where they were and patted them kindly on the head. The children hardly knew whether to cry or laugh at this unwonted notice, but finally took the latter course, which seemed to please James greatly.

Then they sat down to supper, and a little of the old light of happier days came into James's eye as he said, 'Well, Jane, I reckon this is better than "The Eagle," that was all.

It was a terrible struggle with appetite for months, but the victory came. In six months they moved into a more comfortable home. Just one year from the day on which he was invited to take tea at the foreman's house James returned the invitation. As they made their way to a pleasant little cottage, half-hidden among the trees, two little heads were seen above the fence. A merry shout of welcome was heard, conveying the news to a happy woman cheerily singing within, that— 'Papa is coming.' Tears came into Leighton's eyes, as, with pride, mingled with gratitude and joy, he turned and grasped the hand of the foreman, and said, with deep emotion, 'They're mine, Jones. God bless you, you've saved them.'—J. K. Hastings, in 'The Safeguard.'

Books of the Old Testament.

The great Jehovah speaks to us,
In Genesis and Exodus;
Leviticus and Numbers see;
Followed by Deuteronomy;
Joshua and Judges sway the land;
Ruth gleans her sheaf with trembling hand;
Daniel and numerous Kings appear,
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear;
Ezra and Nehemiah now,
Esther the beauteous mourner show;
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms;
And Proverbs teach to scatter alms;
Ecclesiastes then comes on,
And the sweet Song of Solomon;
Isaiah, Jeremiah then,
With Lamentations takes his pen;
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres,
Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah;
Next Jonah, Micha, Nahum come;
And lofty Habakkuk finds room;
While Zephaniah, Haggai calls;
Rapt Zechariah builds the walls;
And Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the ancient Testament.
—'Morning Star.'

The Guiding Eye.

(By Mrs. Denison.)

The day had been very dark and very dismal. The grief that Elsie Lawton had been called to bear would have been a burden enough in the most radiant sunshine, for since the early morning she had been sitting beside a dying mother. This dark, rainy day seemed to intensify her sorrow. Now and then the two or three neighbors who had come to 'help do the house up,' and otherwise lighten the cares of the suffering girl, presented themselves noiselessly at the door, and as noiselessly moved away. They all felt sorry for Elsie, so early orphaned. Her father had died when she was only six years old, and now her widowed mother was dying, and she, at the age of seventeen, was called to battle with the world alone.

'Seems such a pity!' said Cynthia Long, the gossip of the village, 'and she such a child, left with nothing. It'll take all the furniture to pay expenses, and then I dun'no what we shall do with the poor child, 'less she's got relations somewhere.

'Well, the Lord will provide,' said Mrs. Lydia Porter, who was well-to-do, and had no children.

For many hours Elsie's mother had lain in a stupor, and the girl sat there clasping her cold hand, her agony that silent, wrestling, kind, that leaves its mark upon the heart, never to be wholly effaced.

Suddenly the calm blue eyes opened.

'Elsie!' came in a firm voice.

'Here, mother! right by your side. Are you suffering?' asked the girl.

'No, dear—I have a blessed rest from pain. It is all I ask for—rest, rest!'

Elsie bent lower and kissed her.

'It is all right, Elsie—things seem so clear to me! I dreamed that my Saviour met me, and, oh! how beautiful he was! His touch gave me so much strength that I woke up as you see me. I have thought it all out. You must go to brother Harry—"He will guide thee with his eye," Keep it always in mind — and remember I will love you right on, and wait for you in my new home. Write to your uncle as soon as I am gone, — and, I beseech you, live with the constant thought that his eye is on you, and as you are his child, he will guide you as no earthly hand or eye could do.'

Not long after, still with a smile on her lips, the soul took its departure—and Elsie was written motherless.

After the funeral her mother's directions were strictly followed, a letter was written, and in time an answer came from a far distant Western city, in which Uncle Harry said, 'Come' So pretty, delicate Elsie set out for the house and family in which she was to be domiciled.

Her only anxiety was, to pay her own way. She had good abilities and a fair education; but in a strange city she realized that it would be difficult to procure a position. At all events she decided that she would not be a dependent upon the bounty of her uncle's family, but work with a will in order to pay her way.

It was night when she reached her place of destination. Her uncle received her with open arms, but his wife's reception was cool, though she had the grace to try to conceal her evident reluctance to the coming of her husband's niece.

'Uncle, I will pay my way,' she said after they had talked awhile.

She did. It was 'Elsie' here, and 'Elsie' there, by all the family from morning till night, till sometimes her uncle, ashamed of the constant demands that were made upon her time, gave them a sharp rebuke, which only made matters worse for her, after he had gone.

Nevertheless, Elsie obeyed and scrupulously obeyed the orders devolving upon her. Her room was up two flights of stairs, a hall bedroom, which, nevertheless, seemed a little haven to her after the work of the day was over, and which she determined should be shared with no one. On the first day of her taking possession she had arranged all her little belongings to the best of her ability, and placed the picture of her mother where she could see it the first thing in the morning, and the last at night, when a furious stampede from the lower stairs startled her, and turning, there were the seven wild children, from the sturdy baby to twelve-year-old Caleb, including a pair of twins, standing inside the door, surveying her with curious glances.

'I say, ain't it jolly?' queried the eldest. 'Mamma was goin' to give you the room over the kitchen, but papa said no, — you should have the spare one.'

'You're going to dress my hair,' said Miss Belle, whose long thick braids of coarse red hair hung between a pair of high shoulders. 'It's awful hard for mother to get me ready for school in time—so you're to do it.'

'Can you cipher in fractions?' asked Tom, the nine-year-old, 'That's where I am, and mother won't show me how, she's awful cross! She says you will.'

'Yes, and you must hear all our lessons,' put in Anne, one of the twins. 'Mother says that's what you came for, and Tom is awful lazy—so is Caleb.'

Poor Elsie looked from one to the other in utter dismay. She was so astonished, she quite forgot that she had come upstairs not only to rest, but to have a good cry, and so relieve her burdened heart. She could only curiously regard this company of small Bedlamites, each intent upon securing her for his or her personal benefit. She loved children, but not one of these appealed to her affections, not even little Teddy, the baby, who looked like a little owl, with his big brown eyes and prim mouth. It seemed to her just then that it would be a heavy infliction to kiss him, even though he was a baby.

Just then and there she seemed to hear the voice of her dying mother, 'I will guide thee with mine eye.'

'It seems such strange guiding,' she whispered to herself—and then she said aloud:

'I tell you what, children, I'll do anything you want, in reason; if you'll go away and leave me alone. And you must never come up to my room when I want to be alone. Is it a bargain?'

Her voice was pleasant, her eyes smiling. The children looked at each other, then at Caleb, the eldest boy; but that little speech decided her status in the family, as far as the children were concerned, Caleb slunk out, looking a little ashamed. Belle twitched her long braid over her shoulder, and took the end of it between her teeth. The baby, who had been in a very undecided state of mind, now lifted his voice in a terrible howl, and the whole seven turned and ran out of the room, leaving Elsie sitting on the side of the bed, alternating between tears and laughter.

'I will guide thee with mine eye!'

'Oh, mother,' she cried bitterly, 'how can I be happy here?'

But the hardest trials are almost always softened by some ameliorating circumstances, and the one point of light in this region of darkness was Uncle Harry. Though a man of but little force of character, ruled by wife and children more than was good for them all, Elsie's pretty, patient face, and sweet, obliging ways had made an impression upon him for good, and he took her part whenever in his judgment she seemed hard driven.

'Let your cousin alone,' he would say to the children, when they made a wall around her, each one insisting upon her services. 'Elsie, go and take your rest,' he would add—and then, turning to his wife, 'Julia, I wonder you can let them torment her so!'

'Nousense,' she would reply, 'she didn't come here to live like a lady, but to work her way and pay her board. You don't suppose I'm going to keep a maid to wait upon her, do you? The children like her, and she likes the children; they get along very well together, if you don't interfere.'

'But she looks pale and worn out, and exerts herself too much. I don't want her to be a slave to me and mine,' he would say.

'And I don't want her at all,' his wife would mutter crossly.

'I wonder how long it'll last,' sighed Elsie, as she escaped one day to her room. 'I'm so tired of braiding hair, and washing faces, hearing blundering lessons, and running for them all! And, yet, I must not murmur. God has placed me here. I am not unkindly treated, I believe the children like me as a kind of upper servant. It may be best for me to give up the aspirations that have made life seem so beautiful. I will try to be happy, and I won't sit here and growl.'

Heretofore she had avoided the society of her uncle's wife. She was conscious of an antagonism between them. Neat and nice almost to fastidiousness herself, the untidy ways of the household, the lax habits of her aunt, the rough manners of the children, were a constant source of pain to her. Her uncle was different, more like her own sweet mother. She felt that she really added to his comfort, when he came home to a tidy room, a well set table, and, as far as she could make them so, polite and attractive children.

Still, she was conscious of needs and yearnings which she scarcely dared whisper to herself. Her little portfolio, which she rarely opened now, was rich with many a sketch carefully worked out in happier days, and though she never dreamed that there was anything wonderful in these little fancies, yet they were full of genius in spite of all their faults.

'I did think,' she sometimes sighed to herself, 'that God would guide me in some way to the realization of my dearest wishes, but there's no hope for me in this matter-of-fact household.'

'He will guide thee with his eye.'

The thought came as in a soft response. The girl started. It seemed almost as if her mother had whispered the words in her ear.

'I won't trouble myself about it any more,' she said, resolutely, placing her treasures away. 'I'll go straight downstairs and put it all out of my thoughts. What I do, I will do for his sake, and so it will be easy.'

She went down to the sitting-room to find her aunt suffering with a headache and the baby fretful. It was the work of a few moments to coax the child into good temper and a sound sleep, after which she moved softly about, tidying the room, with a touch here and there, making of the common place something to suit her fine taste, till it seemed to accede to all her demands for grace and order, and hardly to know itself in its new aspect.

'Well, I declare! what charm do you use, I wonder? I tried for two mortal hours to get that boy asleep, and no sooner did you speak to him than he was quiet! You certainly have a knack of making things look nice!' and she gave an approving glance round the room.

Elsie turned a flushed, pleased face towards her aunt, who was sitting up and looking a little better.

'I wonder if you would mind reading a bit to me,' her aunt went on. 'I haven't opened the evening paper yet, and I'm particularly anxious to hear the news, for I'm expecting my brother by one of the New York steamers. He has been studying abroad for two or three years, and is quite celebrated. I don't know that I have ever spoken of him to you.'

Elsie took the paper. It was so delightful to be appreciated, ever so little, at last! She had never discovered before that her aunt Julia had such soft, dark eyes and beautiful dimples.

'I believe,' she thought to herself, 'that if she was that way all the time I could love her dearly.'

Then she began to read.

'Oh!' she said, breathless, 'here is something about Mr. Lenthall, the great artist. He has come home! sailed in the 'Asia'! How I should like to know him! We had friends at home who had some of his pictures, lovely pictures! that made you think of heaven. I wonder if I shall ever see him.'

'Well, it's very likely you will'; said her aunt quietly, with an amused smile. 'That's the news I've been waiting for. He is my half-brother, and he will come here often. He's very fond of the children.'

'Is it possible?' Elsie was very pale, 'And so I may see him sometime—and his pictures, too.'

'Yes, he will have a studio somewhere in the city. So you can see him and the pictures as often as you like—people do rave so after artists and their works. But, then, he is really a celebrity—and so fond of people who really do like art!'

Elsie sat there, wrapped in strange visions. She seemed to hear the sweet voice that had so often said:

'He will lead thee with his eye.'

'By the way,' said her aunt, 'Harry told me that you were very apt with your pencil, and used all the time to be making pictures, when you were very small. I remember his reading a letter from your mother, once, in which she lamented that she could not give you the education that you needed, and hoped sometimes that you would have an opportunity to study. Well, I rather think you will. Frank is so delighted when he meets with any one who has the artistic tendency. Why, he will want to make a painter of you, right away!'

Elsie sat there, fairly startled into silence. Like most enthusiastic young girls, she was a hero-worshipper, and this man had long been her hero. Could it be possible that this great painter, whose praises sounded on all lips, could be related to the ordinary little woman alongside of her?

And she would meet him, talk with him, if she dared; he would show her his pictures—and it might be, who could tell—he would teach her the mysteries of his art.

'He will guide thee with his eye!'

How it humbled her to feel that she had so often doubted her heavenly Father! had often rebelled at the way he was leading her! And how fervently she declared to herself that she would never, never doubt him again.

Did she keep her promise?

I think she did. She was certainly not disappointed in her expectations. Elsie has to-day her own studio, and needs no longer to be dependant upon her uncle, or doomed to servile tasks. And very thankful she is, as she receives congratulations, aye, and orders, too, that she ever came under the care of Uncle Harry.

People who frequent her studio, often stop before a picture of much power, representing the saddest episode in her life, entitled, 'An orphan.' And above the picture, painted in gold letters on an arch of blue, are the words which make the talisman of her life, 'He shall guide thee with his eye.'—'Morning Star.'

The Answer.

(By Mary E. Hollock, in 'Forward.')

It was the hour of prayer.

'Dear Lord,' a sweet voice said, 'the harvest is great and the laborers are few. I ask not to be one of the foremost of the reapers, but grant me a place among the laborers in thy harvest field.'

The prayer was simple and probably drew the especial attention of no one, unless, perhaps, that of the stranger who sat by the side of her who had spoken. He glanced at her several times, and seemed glad for her welcome at the close of the meeting.

Grace Maynard was a consecrated girl, the beauty of whose character was written on her face and shone from eyes simply trustful and yet strongly appealing. The battle is not always to the strong, and she, so slight and fragile, was her pastor's most energetic helper. 'Only to be allowed to labor,' was the great prayer of her heart.

A week later Grace was not among those who met for prayer, for she had gone to her heavenly home. Her every look and word and action had become sacred to her friends, and her simple prayer was long remembered by those who loved her. 'We cannot understand,' her pastor said, 'why God, in his wisdom saw best to leave her great wish unfulfilled. We hoped that she might long be one of his reapers here, but I am sure she is satisfied, for she has gone to be with him, which is far better.'

* * * * * * *

In the smoking-room of a hotel in one of our western cities was gathered a group of travelling men. They were enjoying themselves, for was not 'old Gray' there? and his very presence gave assurance of a good time. Every one knew Mr. Gray. He had been 'on the road,' thirty years, though he was scarcely past fifty. He was a little over six feet tall, with a fine physique and a kindly face. Indeed, it did one good to look at him. His eyes twinkled under his bushy eyebrows, and when he laughed his whole frame shook with merriment till his companions laughed from very sympathy.

The fun was at its height when some one said, 'Well, Gray, I suppose you'll be the first to set up the drinks.'

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I have given them up. I neither set them up nor take them.'

This answer was greeted by an uproarious laugh in which all joined with the exception of a young man in the corner, who added, after a time, 'I don't drink myself, boys.'

'Well now, you don't say!' exclaimed Mr. Gray, heartily. 'I'm glad to hear it. I'm real glad.'

'Oh, pshaw! What's this you're giving us?' asked one of the men.

'I'll tell you, if you like,' said Wilson. 'You see, when I started out on the road I never meant to drink. I didn't think much of it, to tell the truth. But I was persuaded that a man couldn't get along without a social glass occasionally, and so I began.

'I never drank much, but when I met Mr. Gray in Iowa not long ago, and found that he could make his way without it, I thought I'd try. He told me that a man is always respected that stands up for his principles, and that a glass of beer weighs less in a man's favor than some people think.'

'It's worked first-rate, Mr. Gray,' he said, turning with a nod to the older man. 'People laugh sometimes and say that I'm young and will get over such notions. There is only one man who ever said much, and I just happened to know that his son had been drinking too freely for some time.

'"Mr. Aken," I said, "now really, if I were your son, wouldn't you be just as glad if I left the stuff alone?" He looked startled for an instant, and then he said: "My boy, you're right. I would give my fortune if my George had never touched a drop."'

This was rather an unusual turn for the conversation to take, and the men looked at each other in some surprise.

'What ever made you turn milk-sop, Gray?' asked 'the Dude,' facetiously.

'Just stop a minute,' laughed Mr. Gray, as he stood up to his full height.

'Young man, do I look like a milksop. Stand up.'

'The Dude' obeyed.

They looked so much like 'the long and the short of it,' that everybody laughed, and Mr. Gray gave this bit of advice with a twinkling eye and a grave voice: 'When you want to call a man names; pick one of your size.'

'I'd believe 'most anything now,' said another man. 'Yes, Gray, I think you must have left that Bible and note in Room Sixteen in the Overland at X——. The note was signed O. V. Gray, but I never thought of you.'

'Did you read it?—the Bible I mean,' asked Mr. Gray.

'Ye-es.'

'Found it pretty good reading, didn't you?'

'Well, I confess I did get interested. I declare, boys, I've felt like a missionary ever since. You see, the book was new and wouldn't stay open, so I just cracked the thing back at the place where I was reading, and after that when you picked up the book it opened at that place.'

The men were interested. They drew their chairs closer. 'I left the hotel,' continued the speaker, 'and went South for a couple of weeks. When I came back I asked for the same room. You all know old George Washington, at the Overland. He was around there and happened to be in the room when I was reading the Bible. "Mars Stokes," he said, "you's a mighty good man. Yas, sah, and de Lo'd's a-goin' to gib you a big rewahd, suah nuf."

'"Oh, come off, George," I said. "What are you giving us?"

'"Yes, sah, dat's de truf," he said solemnly, rolling his eyes, "an' it comes all along ob you readin' de Scriptuahs. I seed you crack dat Bible open where it tells 'bout de Prodigal Son. I picked it up aftah you left, and it opened to de indentically place. Well, sah, las' week a young man came here, Mars Ellis, dat war his name. He saw de note Mars Gray lef' an' he pick up de Book. It opened right to dat place. He read it an' he cried; he really did. I saw

de teahs in his eyes, an' I'm suah it took conviction to his soul."

'"I met young Ellis in New York a few weeks later. Perhaps some of you know him. He travels for Owens, of Pittsburg. Ellis looked bright as a sunflower.

'"Hello," I said, "you look like you'd been on a vacation."

'"I have," he said; "I've been up home in Maine. I ran off when I was quite a lad and haven't been back since. Found the folks all well. The place hadn't changed a bit since I was there, only folks have changed. Well, how are you, anyway?"'

'I am glad to hear that of Ellis,' said Mr. Gray. 'He was a good-hearted fellow; but he was getting to be pretty fast—pretty fast for a youngster.'

'Since we seem to be having an experience meeting,' suggested one of the older men, 'you might tell us, Gray, what this Bible scheme is.'

'Oh, that's not much. When I strike a place, I usually buy a Bible, nothing elaborate, you know, but with good type. Sometimes I mark the place I have been reading, sometimes I leave a little note. That's all.'

'You never see them the second time you come round, do you?'

'Yes, indeed. Now, there's George Washington. I said to him, "George, did you ever get religion?"'

'"Bless de Lo'd, Mars Gray," said he, "I hab it now. When a niggah gets white on de top ob his haid and a stoop in his shouldahs, it's time, Mars Gray, fo' him to be thinkin' ob de golden streets ob de New J'rus'lem. Yes, sah."

'"Well, now, Goerge," I said, "supposing I should leave this book here, do you think you could manage to have it stay here so that everyone could read it?"

'"De Bible, sah? Yes, sah, an' de Lo'd bless you." Sure enough, it's there every time. Of course, that isn't true of all.'

'Aren't you going into this thing pretty strong? It's a little—er—well, unusual for our sort, you know.'

'I think not. Now, be honest, and tell me if you don't think the Lord a good friend to have? The worst of us will go to him if we get into too bad a scrape. How is that, Chapin? The night you were in that Brownville wreck you prayed for once, now didn't you? But I never heard you give the Lord much credit because you escaped all safe and sound. There's Parsons, I heard that he almost lost his little girl, how much time did you spend on your knees after the doctors had given her up? The little girl got well, but you never heard Parsons around praising the Lord, did you? I warrant there isn't one of you who hasn't been helped out of trouble at some time, and yet you look embarrassed and foolish if any one happens to mention the Lord in earnest.'

'But, to return to the original question, Mr. Gray; how did you come to be such a—a—'

'Don't say it,' laughed Mr. Gray, pretending to roll up his sleeves.

The 'Dude' subsided, but Mr. Gray went on; 'I happened to spend the night in a little town in Pennsylvania some time ago. It was a very quiet place, and I was having a dull time of it, I can tell you. I was walking down the street just to kill time, and passed by a church, where I heard such good singing, that I decided to go in and take a back seat and listen. But, bless you, a young fellow met me at the door and shook hands as if he had been on the road for ten years, and before I knew what he was up to, there I was sitting half-way up the church, both amused and provoked at myself for being there. I liked the singing, but I didn't pay much attention to the rest of the service. There was a sweet-looking girl beside me, as frail and beautiful as a lily. I couldn't help noticing her earnest face.

'My wandering thoughts were recalled when the girl bowed her head, and I heard different voices leading in prayer. By and by I heard her speak. She was asking the Lord to be allowed to work in his harvest field, and all of a sudden the thought came to me that it was a shame for a little girl like that to be working in the fields while there are plenty of men sitting round with their hands in their pockets. After that I listened to everything that was said.

'When the meeting was over she turned to me and gave me her hand, and said she was glad I came. I only thanked her, but inside I was saying, "Well, little girl, I'm not much used to harvesting; but, if the Lord will show me how, I'll help you a little in this business." And I'm not much of a Christian, gentlemen; but I read my Bible, and sometimes I think the Lord is especially good to me for the sake of that little girl I'm trying to help. The harvest field is pretty big, and she'll never know about me in this world, but some day I hope that she'll find an extra sheaf to her account.

'Hello! here comes Davidson. Well, old man, how are you? What's the news from Philadelphia?'

Sixty-Four's Mistake.

(Mary B. Sleight, in 'Intelligencer.')

It was a warm spring day, the close, lifeless sort of a day that makes the spring shopper feel like a wilted dandelion, and sets city folk to longing for a whiff from meadow and sea.

All the morning the store had been crowded with customers, for it was one of the most popular stores on the avenue, and the fact that it was a bargain day had helped to swell the throng. The saleswomen had their hands full, and by twelve o'clock some of them began to feel too jaded, in their own estimation, at least, to be more than half civil to the equally jaded customers.

'Pardon me,' said an elderly woman, to a pert-looking girl who was carrying on a giggling confab with one of her companions, 'but can you tell me whether my change I come back?'

She was plainly dressed, and it was easy to see that she was from the country, but her face as well as her manner of speech, showed that she was a gentlewoman. The girl of whom she had asked the question simply stared at her, and went on talking with her friend.

'She ain't the one,' volunteered a young woman who stood on the other side of her, doing up a package. 'She's Sixty-four, The saleslady that waited on you was "Fifty-six," and she has gone to her lunch.'

'And must I wait till she comes back?' asked the customer in dismay. But the saleslady was giving her attention to someone else.

'I'll see to your change, when it comes, madam,' said a gentle-voiced girl who had overheard the question. And pointing to an unoccupied seat at the end of the counter, she advised her to sit down.

'It is tiresome standing so long,' she said, with friendly sympathy.

'Mercy, Forty-five! Anybody'd think that courtrified-looking creature was the Queen o' Sheba the way you are so polite to her,' jeered Sixty-four, in a stage whisper.

'Oh, Forty-five'd be perlite to a street-sweeper,' chimed in another.

'Every one to their likin',' said Sixty-four, with a shrug. 'For my part, I don't think it pays.'

'She makes me think of my mother,' said Forty-five, gently. 'And, besides, she looks so tired.'

'Guess we're tired, too, an' nobody asks us to set down,' complained Sixty-four.

The elderly woman did not seem to be listening; she was evidently watching some one at the farther end of the room; but she had sharp ears.

'Sh-sh! Here comes the boss,' whispered Sixty-four. The next girl nudged her neighbor, and in an instant all the talking and tittering came to an end. The 'boss' was the manager of the department, and when he made his rounds the most indifferent of the girls took good care to seem absorbed in business.

Forty-five, who at the moment was hurrying to the other end of the counter, did not see who was coming.

'Here's your change at last,' she said. 'It's too bad that you had to wait so long.'

'Oh, thank you, my dear,' said the old lady, in her kind, motherly voice.' 'I was only afraid of losing my train.'

She had thrown off her jacket, and Forty-five, stopped to help her put it on.

'Why, Aunt Phebe!' cried someone at her elbow. 'Well! well! this is a surprise!' And there was the 'boss' standing in front of the old lady with both her hands in his.

Forty-five, who had just finished buttoning her jacket, slipped quietly back to her place.

'That girl, David, is a lady,' said Aunt Phebe, as she took her nephew's arm. 'I don't know her name; but her number is 'Forty-five.' If all shopgirls were equally courteous they would prove their right to be called "salesladies."'

'"Forty-five," I must remember that," said the 'boss,' stopping to jot down the number.

Forty-five was promoted the next day. Her courtesy, which had been born of no selfish motive, did not fail of receiving reward and recognition.

Follow Me.

In the world are but two voices,
In the heart are but two choices;
Voices choices, ever crying
To the living and the dying:
'Follow Me!' 'Follow me!'

One, the voice of Jesus pleading,
Prompting, praying, interceding;
Pleading ever, weary never,
To redeem us calling ever;
'Follow Me!' 'Follow me!'

One, the voice of Satan, charming,
Winning, horrid, luring, warming;
Promising, fulfilling never,
To deceive us calling ever;
'Follow Me!' 'Follow me!'

Jesus calls to realms supernal,
Joy and happiness eternal,
Where the morning shineth ever,
And the darkness cometh never;
'Follow Me!' 'Follow me!'

Satan calls to realms infernal,
Grief, tears, sorrow, death eternal;
Where the blackness hangeth ever,
And the dawn appeareth never:
'Follow Me!' 'Follow me!'

Daily do we hear these voices;
Daily must we make our choices;
What your choice—the time is speeding—
Which voice, brother, are you heeding?
'Follow Me!' 'Follow me!'

—W. Alex. McCaffrey, in 'Silver Link.'

Standard Time.

(By Anna Frances Burnham.)

'What's the time, Sis?'

'Seventeen minutes of nine by my time; but you'd better consult the college clock.'

'No matter,' replied Rob, strapping his books tight and throwing his cap on for a run; 'I've looked at the "Cuckoo," and that says the same as yours does, and so does the little "Bee," in Joe's room. I guess so many clocks in good and regular standing wouldn't all be wrong.'

Natty ran after him as the front door banged.

'You'll be late,' she called, 'and then what will *your professor* say? You'd better take a car. There's a good reason why the clocks are all alike, — we set them by each other. If they're right, all right; if not, not. There's only one person in this house who keeps his watch just right, and that's papa. He sets his by standard time, and won't so much as look to see what ours say.'

'Good for him,' said Rob, running, 'We'd show good wit if we all did the same thing, 'stead of going by our neighbors!'

The little high school sister went back to her room soberly, and began packing her books. Then she spent three minutes of her fifteen or sixteen left in running round the house to look at the different clocks. Yes, they all said the same, or nearly so—the 'Cuckoo,' the 'Cathedral,' the little 'Bee,' Nora's old eight-day clock, sticking to the wall like a great round barnacle, and even the solemn hall-clock, ticking away as if it made the time and took all the glory of it.

'Good and regular standing!' murmured Natty, pausing before this one. That's what he said. I wonder if he meant anything! After our talk last night about the dancing and card playing, I don't know! He's deep enough for anything. I told him I thought we needn't set up to be better than our neighbors — plenty of folks in the church did it, in good and regular standing! Well, I must run,' nodding to the old clock, in a friendly manner. 'You look steady and respectable enough for anybody to go by.'

Natty was late, if Rob wasn't—perhaps because she could not run so fast. He had no intention of risking a 'cut' in German for the sake of an object-lesson, as Natty had shrewdly suspected, but the memory of his last night's discussion had crossed his mind in time to give point to his answer when she advised him about the time of day. Rob was an earnest Christian, and Natty was, too, or meant to be, which sooner or later amounts to the same thing, for the Lord takes us at our word, and helps us to be what we mean to be.

Natty went absently through the morning exercises, one-half of her mind working away at a very different problem from the theorem she was trying to demonstrate on the blackboard.

'I wonder if there is such a thing as "standard time" in religion and such things!' she mused, with the chalk suspended over 'the point A,' which to her mind that morning might as well have been any other letter of the alphabet.

At recess the girls clustered round her.

'You'll come, won't you?'

'Of course, you are going to join!' cried two or three, coaxingly, and Natty's sweet, particular friend, wound her arm round her waist caressingly.

'I don't know, girls,' she answered in a bewildered way that puzzled them, 'I was all ready to last night, But, you see, I've had a talk with Rob!'

'Let Rob tend to his own clubs!' said Miriam Boland, lightly.

'Well, I know, but he says I'm not consistent. He says that Christians—the right kind—don't do such things. And we want to do right, you know!'

Natty's pretty way of appealing to them was irresistible, and quite disarmed any resentment against her supposed pharisaism. But there was a murmur of disappointment, for they had not yet come to see things from her standpoint.'

'And you joined right in and thought just the same as he did, I suppose,' said Susie Pinkham, sarcastically.

'No, I didn't,' said Nattie, honestly. 'I told him he was a goose and talking nonsense, when everybody does such things—members of the church, too, in good and regular standing. Just look at Deacon Annable—he took his whole family to the theatre, the other night—and we to set ourselves up against him! I told him all that, you know, and a lot more.'

'Well, then,' said one or two of the girls, puzzled still more at this avowal, made with so much heat, as if she were still disputing and arguing, 'if you put him down so, what's the trouble about joining? He couldn't answer that, could he?'

'No, but the clocks did!' said Natty, quizzically.

'The clocks?, If you aren't the most provoking girl! What in the world had the clocks to do about it?'

Then Natty told them in a few words her little morning object-lesson.

'And they were all good, respectable clocks, too — "in good and regular standing," ' she finished, mischievously. 'And that tall, old "grandfather clock" in the hall—why, you ought to have seen how staid and solemn it looked—but it wasn't set by the standard time, and it wasn't absolutely safe to go by it.'

There was a little silence of a few seconds while they watched each others' faces. Then Mary Dean spoke up—an older, quieter girl, who only spoke when she had something to say, and so was always listened to.

'I think Natty is working out this club problem in the only Christian way to do it; and I'm glad she was the one to start it. I didn't feel quite easy in my mind when we first talked of it. We all are Christians and we want to act so as to be a help and not a hindrance to our minister. He is trying to arrange for special meetings this winter, and I wonder if he would think this was encouraging!'

'You didn't say anything about it,' ventured one or two resentfully.

'No, my mind wasn't quite made up, either. I was taken by that talk of doing as well as our neighbors. I tell you, girls, whatever anybody else does after this, I'm going by what Natty calls "standard time"!'

'And I!' 'And I!' 'And I!' cried one and another, catching Mary's unwonted enthusiasm.

'What is the rule to go by?' said one of the discontented ones, fretfully. 'I don't see your "standard," "Many men of many minds"!'

'I've thought of a verse that fits!' said Natty, softly, as the 'gym.' bell rang, and they went in together: "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus".'

'Ah!' said Mary, 'that settles the whole question of doing or not doing—anything! It makes no difference what any of the other clocks are striking. What Christ would do in our place—that's our standard.'

'And we've got to "come to time"!' whispered Susie, laughingly.

'And so we can!' flashed back Natty, 'unless some of our inside works are out of order!'—'Forward.'

Patty-Cake.

Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man!
Love is a jewel, and life is a span;
Summer is here, and the morning is gay,
Let us be babies together, to-day;
Sorrow's a myth, and our troubles but seem,
The past is an echo, the future a dream;
Plenty of mornings to worry and plan!
Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man!

Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man!
Roll it and prick it as fast as you can;
Roses and lilies for baby and me.
Roll it and prick it, and mark it with T.
Roses and lilies and daisies that come
Down from the garden that dimples are from;
Let us be babies as long as we can!
Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man!
—Albert Bigelow Paine.

THE DAILY WITNESS.

"The War Situation." These are eventful history making days. A Daily is therefore a necessity with most people. And most people take one or other of the great city dailies. Some take two dailies. The "Witness" is selected by many because they believe they find in it "the facts of the case." Certain it is that the sensational press in manufacturing news to keep up the interest, or in coloring highly uninteresting news, do more to create false impressions than true ones. The daily article on "The War Situation" which appears in the "Witness" will be found the best consecutive daily history of the war that is published. The "Witness" has been much complimented on this feature. Those who read the "Witness" will be well informed, and surely truth is more interesting than fiction when the life and death of our brothers and of nations are in the balance. The regular subscription price of the 'Daily Witness' is $3 per annum. But a specially reduced Club offer is made to those who are too distant to receive the Daily on the day of publication, viz.: A Club of two copies of the 'Daily Witness' and two copies of the 'Northern Messenger' all for one year only $4.40. Any one could get up such a club. But everyone won't. Many will. Our best friends will.

Cut this out and enclose it in the next letter you write, or hand it to the first friend you meet—adding, if you will, a little word of your own for the 'Witness' and ask the question: 'Will you not join me in such a Club?'

A TRIBUTE FROM LONDON.

"Deserves Its Support."

A quiet English paper says

"We feel that the Montreal 'Witness' is teaching the world what the world greatly needs to learn—that a Christian paper can live and prosper, and hold its own against the keenest competition, if, we say, the Christian element in the community will be but loyal to it, as it has been loyal to the 'Witness' in Montreal and throughout the Dominion of Canada. Looking over the 'Witness' we feel sure that it deserves its support, and would expect that it would be the paper of the intelligent, because it is the paper of intelligence. In other words, a regular reader of the 'Witness' will be a well-informed man."—The 'Sunday Reader Magazine,' London, England.

PAPINEAUVILLE, Que.
Nov. 10, 1899.

Enclosed please find my subscription for your admirable paper for the ensuing year.

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Yours truly, J. B. BROWN.

Cut Off By the Tide.

'Alice,' asked Teddy Seaton, 'what do you say to go mussel gathering, and taking little Martha with us? I know a place near the 'Sentinels,' where there are some fine large ones.'

So when all was ready off they started. After walking along the beach for about half a mile, they came to a succession of rocks, stretching a long distance into the sea. These rocks were said to be the remains of a chateau, which once stood on the outskirts of an important village, submerged some four or five centuries ago. A thick, solid wall, made of stone, and with what appears to be a tower standing at either end, called from time immemorial 'The Big and Little Sentinels,' seems to confirm the story.

The children had taken off their boots and stockings to wade through the pools of water that lay between the rocks, and on arriving at the Sentinel, commenced their search for mussels.

In a short time they had nearly filled the basket; then climbing the Sentinel, round which there was about a foot of water, they put on their boots and stockings while they sat down to refresh themselves with the provisions they had brought.

ALICE WAVED HER HANDKERCHIEF AS A SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.

They remained thus for some time, laughing and talking and admiring the size of the mussels they had gathered; but the wind rising, Alice, noticing that some ominous looking clouds were hanging in the air above the horizon, thought it time to return.

With Teddy's help she fastened the basket on her back, and prepared to start, when, on looking round, she saw, to her dismay, that they were cut off by the tide; the water had risen rapidly but silently to a great height; so high indeed that the spot on which they stood was barely two feet above the rising waters. Huddled together, they shouted with all their might, in the hope that their cries would be heard; but the only response was the lapping of the water round the Sentinel.

Alice waved her handkerchief as a signal of distress, but no help came. The brave girl took care to hide her fears from her little sister and brother, telling them that the Sentinels were rarely ever known to be under water; which was the fact.

But when the water had soon after reached their feet, and was still rising, her heart sank within her; and she offered up a silent prayer to Him 'Who plants His footsteps in the sea,' to Him who had marked the limits of the mighty ocean in those grand words—'thus far shalt thou go, but no farther.'

Her little prayer strengthened her heart, and gave her renewed hope. Silent she stood, watchful and anxious, assuring her little sister with a gentle pressure of the hand. Teddy had turned his head to hide his tears, when suddenly he called out in terror. 'Alice, what is that dark thing just over there?' Looking towards the spot—

'It's the top of the Little Sentinel!' she cried. 'The waters are falling. We are saved!'—and with a cry of joy Alice stooped down, and folded her little brother and sister in her arms. They waited there until the receding tide enabled them to reach the shore, than walked quickly home, much to the relief of their anxious mother, who was wondering what had kept them so long.—'Child's Companion.'

A Story of 'Three Shells.'

In a village one hundred and twenty miles from Calcutta there lived a boy named Three Shells (Tin Kowry) who was thorough, and hated a sham. When he was twelve years old his mother said, 'Now you are old enough to wear the Brahmin thread'; but before he could wear it he was to be kept in a hut for a week, and nobody but women came to him. When they came they told him that when he wore the 'thread' he would be the most wonderful boy in the world. If he said to anyone, 'Be dead,' they would die, and if he struck anyone they would shiver into ashes. When the time was up he was brought out, and the 'thread' was placed on his neck. Next day Three Shells was playing with another boy, and the boy won the game. Three Shells then became angry, and said, 'Be dead,' but the boy only laughed. Then Three Shells struck him, but the boy did not shiver into ashes. At last Three Shells, who was thorough, and hated a sham, said: 'It is not true about this thread.'

Soon afterwards Three Shells was sent to help a priest in the temple. Women came bringing flowers, which they placed upon a rail, believing they would fall when their prayers were answered. Then they began to pray: 'Mother Kali, listen.' Three Shells, who stood behind the rail, prayed too, but the flowers did not fall. At last Three Shells told a priest who was in the temple that the goddess Kali would not answer. 'Let me see you pray,' said the priest. Three Shells folded his hands and prayed: 'Mother Kali, listen.' 'Stupid boy,' said the priest, 'I'll show you how to pray.' He prayed, 'Mother—Kali—listen,' but at each word he blew down a flower, till they had all fallen.

Three Shells, who was thorough, said to himself: 'The idol is no more real than the Brahmin thread.'

When Three Shells was eighteen, a preacher came to his village, and Three Shells asked him if he had any books to read. The man showed him a gospel. 'Does this tell you all?' said Three Shells. 'Not quite,' said the man; 'but here is a New Testament.' 'Does this tell you all?' 'Not quite; but here is the whole Bible.' Three Shells bought the book, and read it from beginning to end. When he read about Jesus, he said, 'This Christ is real; He is not false like the Brahmin thread and the idol.'

Afterwards Three Shells was baptized, and gave up wearing the Brahmin thread, and became the pastor of a church in Calcutta.—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

Slighting a Duty.

'You haven't made things look very neat and orderly here in the back-shop,' said a merchant to a young clerk.

'Well, I thought it was good enough for back there, where things cannot be seen very plainly and where customers seldom go.'

'That won't do,' said the merchant sharply; and then added in a kinder tone: 'You must get ideas of that kind out of your head, my boy, if you hope to succeed in life. That kind of "good enough" isn't much better than "bad enough."'

And the merchant made the boy go and do all the cleaning over again.

The girls who do not sweep in the corners or dust under things, and the boys who dispose of things as quickly as possible, saying that things 'will do' if they are not well done, are the boys and girls who will not turn out to be great men and useful women.—'Adviser.'

An Idle Day.

'If I could only have one whole day to do nothing but play in, how happy I should be!' said Rosie to her mother at breakfast time.

'Try it,' said mother. 'Play as much as you like. Try it to-day.'

How the children going to school envied Rosie, as she swung on the gate and watched them passing by. No hard lessons for her. When they were gone, she ran into the garden, picked some gooseberries for a pudding, and carried them into the kitchen.'

'No, Rosie! That is work. Take them away.'

Rosie looked serious. She got her doll and played with it, but soon tired; her shuttlecock, but did not care for it; her ball, it bounced into the kitchen window. Rosie peeped in after it. Mother was shelling peas.

'May I help you, mother?'

'No, Rosie, this isn't play.'

Rosie strolled away with slow, lagging footsteps to the garden again. She leaned against the fence and watched the chickens. Soon she heard her mother setting the table for dinner, and longed to help. After dinner Rosie took her little bag of patchwork and stole away to the barn with it, for she could stand idleness no longer.

'Mother,' she said, as she gave her a good-night kiss, 'I understand now what the teacher meant when she said, "He has hard work who has nothing to do."'—'Presbyterian.'

A Song of Little Pilgrims.

I am a little pilgrim;
My God, I walk with Thee!
No greater name my heart would claim
Since Thou has set me free.
The pathway lay
Through shadows grey;
But now I see the dawn of day.

I am a little servant,
And, oh, my Lord is kind!
Labor is sweet at Christ's dear feet,
His burden light I find.
His will I know,
And gladly go;
I run his errands to and fro.

I am a little soldier,
The King must take command,
And those who fight in his great might
Most valiantly shall stand!
No foe we fear
When Christ is near,
For He has all we hold most dear.

I am a little vessel,
Christ's blessed Name to bear;
The water pure, the Gospel sure,
The life that all may share.
Though small my store,
He makes it more,
And fills the pitcher while I pour.

I am a great, great sinner,
But Christ for me has died,
And in His Name I pardon claim,
And Home at His dear side.
He will not leave
One soul to grieve,
Who comes salvation to receive.

—C. Maud Battersby in 'The Christian.

LESSON XII.—Dec. 17.

Fruits of Right and Wrong Doing.

Malachi iii., 13 to iv., 6. Memory verses, 16-18. Compare Mal. iii., 1-6. Also, Mat. xi., 7-15.

Golden Text.

'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Gal., vi., 7.

The Bible Class.

The Righteous.—Psa. i., 1-6; v., 12; xxxii., 10, 11; xxxiv., 15-19; xxxvii., 16-25: Matt. xiii., 37-43; v., 6, 10, 20; vi., 33,; xxv., 37-46: Rom. vi., 13, 14; x., 4-10; xiv., 17; I. Cor. i., 30: II. Cor. vi., 6, 7, 14: Phil. iii., 7-9: Jas. ii., 23; v., 16: I. Pet. iii., 12-14: Rev. xix., 8.

Sin.—I. John, 6-9; Matt. i., 21; xxvi., 27, 28; Mark, ii., 5-10. John i., 29; viii., 24, 34-36; xvi., 7-9; Acts x., 43: Rom. vi., 8-23: Gal. i., 3, 4; iii., 22. Eph. ii., 1-5: Col. i., 12-14: I. Tim. v., 22: Heb. iv., 15; ix., 27, 28; xi., 25, 26; xii., 1-4; Jas. iv., 17; v., 15, 20; I. Pet. ii., 21-25: Rev. 1., 5: Isa. i., 18; xliii., 25; xliv., 22.

Home Readings.

M. Mal. iii., 13 to iv., 6.—Fruits of right and wrong doing.

T. Psa. lxxiii., 1-20.—The mystery explained.

W. Job xxii., 12-27.—Folly of rejecting God.

Th. II. Tim. ii., 19-26.—God knows His own.

F. Eccles. viii., 1-13.—Certainty of judgment.

S. Deut. iv., 5-13.—Remember.

S. Gal. vi., 1-10.—Sowing and reaping.

Lesson Story.

Supt.—13. Your words have been stout against me, saith the Lord, Yet ye say, What have we spoken so much against thee?

School.—14. Ye have said, It is vain to serve God; and what profit is it that we have kept his ordinance, and that we have walked mournfully before the Lord of hosts?

15. And now we call the proud happy, yea, they that work wickedness are set up; yea, they that tempt God are even delivered.

16. Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name.

17. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.

18. Then shall ye return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God, and him that serveth him not.

1. For, behold, the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch.

2. But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall.

3. And ye shall tread down the wicked; for they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet in the day that I shall do this, saith the Lord of hosts.

4. Remember ye the law of Moses my servant, which I commanded unto him in Horeb for all Is'ra-el, with the statutes and judgments.

5. Behold, I will send you E-li'jah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord:

6. And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.

Suggestions.

Malachi, the Lord's messenger, gave his message fearlessly, and plainly to the careless and backslidden Israelites.

Jehovah had promised to his people prosperity and blessings, temporal and spiritual, conditioned only on their obedience and love to him. God's promises are all conditional, for if the self-pleasers were to receive the same reward as those who strove to please God, there would be no goodness in this world, and no happiness in the world to come. The Jews had not kept their part of the covenant which God had made with them and with their fathers. They had disobeyed and forgotten God's claim on them, they had offered worthless sacrifices to him, they had accused him of breaking his covenant. They said, 'it is vain to serve God,' implying that they had honestly done their best to please him. They deceived themselves but they could not deceive God.

'Your words have been stout (impudent, hard, false), against me,' said the Lord, And they who had become so accustomed to blaming Providence for their miserable condition that they really believed their own statements, asked with some surprise, 'what have we spoken against thee?'

Jehovah had promised them that if they would be honest, bringing all the tithes into the storehouse, and delighting themselves in the Lord, he would make them a people of such prosperity that all the other nations should call them blessed, or happy. But the Jews had answered that they called the proud and disobedient peoples happy (or blessed), they saw that the wicked nations were built up, prospering and being delivered from the miseries which had overtaken the Jews. They envied the nations around them as a child of careful parents might envy the children of the street who do as they please because their parents care nothing about their training and education. The Jews were God's own special people, children of Abraham, to whom it had been promised that the Messiah should be born of his descendants. The Jews, therefore, were under the special loving care and discipline of Jehovah. God dealt with the other nations only in relation to the Jews. As a father punishes his own children and lets other boys go free, so God dealt with his own people. So God deals still with individuals and nations.

'They that feared the Lord spake often one to another.' Among the multitude of those who had forgotten God, there was still a little band of true-hearts, who remembered and thought much of his loving-kindness, and spoke often to each other, praising the Lord, And their love was not forgotten before God. He thinks often of those who think of him. God chooses those who choose him, and counts among his jewels, or special treasures, those who are not afraid to speak to one another of the wonderful love of God.

They thought upon his name, thinking of Jesus makes us long to be like him. The man who thinks much about God, who opens his heart to the teaching of the Holy Spirit, gains a power to discern between the righteous and the wicked, that is, to judge the real blessedness of those whom God disciplines, as compared with the apparent prosperity of those who choose their own way. For the day is coming when all sin must be consumed with everlasting fire. Those who have chosen self-pleasing and sin instead of the service of a Loving Father, may find themselves so entangled with sin that they can not get free and so must be consumed with the sin.

Jesus Christ is 'the Sun of righteousness with healing in his wings,' the light of the world. John the Baptist was the forerunner of the Messiah, typified as Elijah, or Elias, as he was called in the New Testament, (Matt. xi., 12-14; xvii., 10-13: Luke i., 15-17.)

We have now come to the end of our studies of God's dealing with his people under the old dispensation, or covenant. The law was perfect; but men were not able to keep it perfectly. God saw their inability, and when the fulness of time was come (Gal. iv., 4), the loving Father sent his only Son to be the Saviour of men, with his own blood loosing them from the entanglements of sin, (Rev. i., 5, R.V.), and by his own resurrection power making men holy. The lessons for next year will be studies in the life on earth of the King of heaven.

C. E Topic.

Dec. 17.—Teach us to pray.—Luke xi., 1-13.

Junior C. E.

Dec. 17.—Christ's ascension command; how can we carry it out? Acts i., 8: Matt. xxviii., 16-20. (A missionary meeting. The Island World.)

The 'Northern Messenger' has by far the largest Sunday-school circulation of any paper in the Dominion.

If the 'Messenger' is not taken in your Sunday-school, would you not like to introduce it? We will make that easy by sending, free of charge, enough to give a copy to each teacher and scholar for several Sundays. If you will kindly drop us a card, giving the name of the School and the name and address of the Superintendent and the quantity that would be distributed, we will gladly supply them.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER.'

'BLACK ROCK.'

The 'Northern Messenger' is a twelve-page illustrated weekly, and is a fine budget for Sunday reading. Both young and old welcome it eagerly. It is specially interesting just now, as that famous Canadian story, Black Rock, by Ralph Connor, in which are depicted the stirring experiences of a young minister among the miners and lumber men of a Rocky Mountain camp, will be begun early in January. To get this book in paper cover would cost fifty cents, and 'Messenger' subscribers will get the story serially, besides all the other good things which make the 'Messenger' so popular, for the small sum of 30c a year.

Sunday-school Clubs of ten or more copies at 20c per annum.

Opium Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER II.—MEDICINAL PROPERTIES.

1. Q.—How many alkaloids does opium yield?

A.—Seventeen. Morphia is the most valuable, as it contains the narcotic principle of opium. The sulphate of morphine is made from morphia.

2. Q.—Is opium used in a variety of forms?

A.—It is made into ten or more medicinal preparations, the chief ones being, morphine, laudanum, elixir of opium, vinegar of opium, or black drop, paregoric and others.

3. Q.—What is laudanum?

A.—A liquid form or tincture of opium prepared with alcohol, and more used than any other preparation of opium.

4. Q.—What is elixir of opium?

A.—It is a liquid made by treating opium with water instead of alcohol, only enough alcohol being employed to preserve it. It is purer than laudanum.

5. Q.—What is vinegar of opium?

A.—Opium dissolved in vinegar with sugar added.

6. Q.—What is paregoric?

A.—It is camphorated tincture of opium for children, containing camphor, oil of anise, glycerine, benzoic acid, and diluted alcohol.

7. Q.—Is opium ever used in its original form?

A.—Yes, opium eaters often prefer to use the gum, as it can be taken in such small portions it is easy to conceal it.

8. Q.—Why is opium so valuable in medicine?

A.—It acts instantly upon the nerves, and thus relieves pain more quickly than any other drug.

9. Q.—What does opium produce?

A.—Sleep. It is also a remedy for many diseases.

Why Mohammed Forbade Wine Drinking.

Mohammed is said to have been led to put a probibition against wine-drinking in the Koran by an incident which occurred to himself. Passing through a village one day, he was pleased to see a crowd of persons enjoying themselves drinking at a wedding-party. Being obliged to return the same way, the next day, he was greatly shocked to see that the way had been drenched with

blood. On asking the cause he was told that the company had drunk to excess, and begun quarrelling, with the result that they fell to slaughtering one another. From that day his mind was made up, and the mandate went forth from Allah, that no child of the faithful should touch wine, on pain of being shut out from all the joys of paradise, the simple fact of the matter being that Mohammed—wise man that he was—saw there could be no stability in the religion and empire he was building up if the use of alcoholic liquors was permitted to his followers.—'League Journal.'

Noble or Ignoble.

There are several wealthy men in London who are reputed to spend over $2,500 per year on cigars. This is considered very large over there, but several American millionnaires are said to exceed this. One of them is reported as spending $10,000 annually on cigars. An English nobleman who married an American woman, who brought a bag of money with her, has astonished London with his extravagance in cigars. He pays about $500 monthly for them and always trades with one dealer, who posts a sign to that effect in order to attract customers. Several prominent Englishmen, among whom is said to be Labouchere, buy cigarettes imported from Turkey at a cost of ten cents each. One of them smokes and gives away 100 in a day, which is probably the record for expensive cigarette-smoking. —'Temperance Advocate.'

I Know a Bank.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SONG.

(Frederick Langbridge, M.A.)

There's a Bank that I hear about now and then
That takes deposits from working men;
It has shining mirrors and flaring gas,
And it draws its draughts in a jug or glass.
The customer there for his savings shows
A shaky hand and a flaming nose.
Keep out of its books, for I've come to learn
That Bank's a decidedly queer concern.

There's a Bank that I hear about now and then
That takes deposits from working men;
Its clerks are never too grand or fine
To enter a penny of yours or mine;
And the pence tot up, as I hear folks say,
To a nice little hoard for a rainy day.
Get one of its books, for I've come to learn
The Post Office Bank is a safe concern.

There's a Bank that I hear about now and then
That takes deposits from working men;
A gentle tone and a loving look
Are entered there in an angel's book;
Kind words are its silver, kind deeds its gold,
And its riches ne'er fail, nor its bags wax old.
Oh, think of that Bank, for I've come to learn
To have treasure therein is life's chief concern.
—'Early Days.'

Tit-Bits For Temperance Workers.

With every tick of the clock, £6 15s. worth of beer vanishes down the world's throat, every minute £410 worth disappears.

Stupendous as these figures are, especially when we consider that the world's-beer-bill for a whole year amounts to £216,000,000, sterling, the figures which represent the quantity consumed, are positively appalling, and almost incredible.

It is interesting to note that the money spent on beer for three years, would pay the last farthing of our entire national debt.

To pay the beer bill for only seventeen days, would exhaust all the money spent throughout the United Kingdom every year on charities.

Correspondence

Inwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like to read very much. One of my latest books is 'The Last Shilling.' It tells of the hardships of a poor widow, 'Mrs. Wright,' and her only daughter, 'Annie,' who lived in a small room, in one of the large houses of London. Annie had very bad health and grew gradually worse; till at last they did not know what to do. But the doctor said she should get the country air.

Then Mrs. Wright agreed that she might go, and she would get the money. That morning Mrs. Wright went to Mrs. Shepherd, and got the money. Annie was delighted, and the next day she went, and soon met with a new companion, Ellen, and had a pleasant time.

Now, the time had come for Annie to return, and she soon reached home, and her mother was sick, from rising too early, and working too late, to pay for Annie's trip. The doctor told Annie to take good care of her mother, or she would not get better. Annie took the best care of her mother, and it pleased the doctor so well, that he gave her a shilling; but she did not tell her mother about it. Soon after, Annie got a letter from Ellen telling her, that she and her father were coming down during the fair time. Annie said to herself that, she would keep the shilling till Ellen came and go out with her, and not spend it on her mother. After Annie had taken Ellen out, Mrs. Shepherd heard how Annie used the shilling, and she took her to her home and told her that she had done wrong, and Annie never did that again.

WILLIE, aged 11.

Bear Point.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for as long as I can remember, and I like it very much. My new subscriber I got was fifty-three years old. She says the 'Messenger' is a nice paper.

ELSIE, S., aged 12.

Ceylon.

Dear Editor,—I live in a very nice village, and I see the train every day. I have a very nice Sabbath-school teacher, her name is Mrs. Dice. It has been a very long, cold winter. I like to read the correspondence very much. There have never been any letters in from this village.

KATHERINE T.

Caledonia, Mich, U.S.

Dear Editor,—I am Beulah M., I am most as big as Ethel. I have a little red calf. I have a baby sister, too. I like the little boys and girls who go to school. I like to play Sunday-school. BEULAH.

Black River Bridge.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm which is situated on the shore of South Bay, near the far-famed Thousand Islands, and in sight of Waupoose, Green, Gull, Timber, Duck, and Amherst Islands.

In summer we have our Sunday-school picnic at the Sandbanks, which are about eighteen miles from here. They are composed of sand, washed up by Lake Ontario, and cover over one hundred acres of land.

We have taken the 'Messenger,' for over sixteen years. I enjoy it very much, especially the Correspondence and the temperance page.

CLARENCE H., aged 13.

Thirlstane, Man.

Dear Editor,—I went to a good many children's parties last winter, and I enjoyed myself very much. I see in the 'Messengor, 'that some people say Manitoba is very cold; but I have been in Manitoba for the last nine years; and it is not as cold as people in Ontario think.

GRACE, aged 9.

East Clifton, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—I live in the south-east corner of the Province of Quebec, in the town of East Clifton. In the winter I have a nice time sliding on the crust. I take the 'Messenger,' and like to read it very much, my father also takes the 'Witness.'

MILDRED, aged 10.

Gaspereaux, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My papa works in the lumber woods, and does not get home very often, as he is thirty miles away. I have a sister and a brother.

STELLA L., aged 10.

Holstein, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My papa is the superintendent of our Sabbath-school. I am an associate member of the Y. P. S. C. E.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTONE B., aged 9.

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I got the book awarded me as a prize for January, 1898, and was well pleased with it. I shall keep it as long as I live. This is a beautiful country in the summer time. The big, open fields on the hill at the back of the town, are white and yellow with daisies and buttercups, and there are patches of white and red clover, and wild rosebushes in bloom. Up there, overlooking the river and the falls, there are beautiful woods. It is there I sometimes go to spend an hour or two, gathering ferns and flowers, and to hunt for strawberries amongst the tall grass. There are steep hills to climb, by the aid of shrubs that grow there.

CHRISTINA G., aged 12.

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We had a skating rink in our back yard; but I could not go out on the ice, because I had the mumps. I watched the others from the window. I like the Correspondence best, for there are many pretty letters. I live in a double house. My grandmother and three of my aunties live in the next part. One of my aunties teaches school, the other Sunday-school. I like to have them next door. My teacher says at Sunday-school, that if any one turns round or does not pay attention, she will give them a bad mark. If we don't get three bad marks by the end of the year, she is going to give us a prize. She is a very kind teacher. There is a dog that lives on the next street, that comes to our house every day. To-day he pulled the children around on their skates.

JEAN, aged 9.

Mille Isles.

Dear Editor,—I live in Mille Isles. My father is a merchant, and keeps the post-office. I have a large mastiff dog, I got the carpenter to make a sleigh for him, and he takes Brother Benjamin and me to school, Brother Benjamin is older than me. I am the baby. I like sugar-making very much, especially taffy parties. Gathering the sap is not a very pleasant part of the work.

GARNER, aged 13.

Parkman.

Dear Editor,—My grandpapa was in Montreal attending the General Assembly, last summer, and he was in the 'Witness' Office, and subscribed for the 'Messenger,' and sent it to us. I like it very well, and intend to subscribe for it next year again. One of my sisters is very fond of cats, she puts a shawl around them and rocks them in the cradle, trying to put them to sleep.

M. ETHEL S., aged 11.

Dix, Ill.

Dear Editor,—We raise many kinds of fruits, vegetables, grain, etc., here; but it is not very healthy where we live. I have been having the chills lately. I have been reading 'Evangeline,' 'Tom Brown's School-days,' and other books, this winter, and am at present reading the New Testament. We only had a five months' school this winter.

VERSA, aged 12.

Ridgeville, Man.

Dear Editor,—My uncle, who lives in Ontario, sent the 'Messenger' to me. I am glad he thought of sending it.

I live on a farm in Manitoba. My eldest sister lives in Colorado, and my eldest brother in British Columbia.

We have school and church within a mile of us. We have also a good Sunday-school, and my father is the superintendent.

MINNIE.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Reveries of a Housekeeper.

('Christian Work.')

Come to look around my cosy kitchen a little, I wonder what I should do without the various 'small articles' doing me good service every day. Now, there is my 'soap shake.' I've never wasted a quarter of an inch of soap since I've had it. Neither have I had to go paddling around the dish pan full of hot suds with a fork, trying to find the last piece of soap that has eluded me. I don't know who invented the cheap, convenient, soap-saving affair, but I hope he has made a lot of money from it. Then look at my neat dish mop. That is only second to the 'shake.' I don't see how our grandmothers got along without a lemon-squeezer. As to the egg-beater, I like best those that look like a bed-spring. I can have the whites of a few eggs as stiff as foam can be in about three or four minutes with one of them. My grandmother did have a pie-fork, so it is not a recent invention, but I hope the descendants of the man who originated the simple, helpful idea are enjoying the profits that have followed its make. My meat-chopper and raisin-seeder scarcely come under the head of small articles, yet I can't help mentioning them, and they are not as large as the clothes-wringer.

Whoever invented those little snapdragons as they always seem like to me, that nip the children's hosiery, and keep them in place, deserves my thanks. I can keep them on the ends of strings back of the range, and nip the ends of dish-towels securely in place, and have them dried in no time. And as for my frying basket! It's quite another thing to fry Saratoga potatoes, croquettes and apple fritters, from what it was before some person gave the public the simple, welcome device. Even the little open wire ladle that strains my fruit so easily in preserving is worth three times what it ever cost. I watched old Mrs. Smith drain her peaches in the kettle one year by very cautiously pressing each piece against the side, and even then a great deal of syrup had to be returned to the kettle. Last year when I made her a cheap little present of a wire fruit strainer, she said it wouldn't have pleased or helped her more if it had cost five dollars. I wouldn't take five dollars for my cherry-pitter, if I couldn't get another.

But there! one couldn't begin to enumerate the vast collection of these little helps. You could put the doughnut and little fancy cake cutters, the little butter-printers, the very small roller for decorating the edges of pie-crust, the cooky printer, the fritter-turner, the salt, sugar, and pepper shakes, the canned goods opener, the potato knife, the various wire sieves, and many other small patented articles, on the same shelf in the kitchen closet, and still have room for more. Well, the morning is slipping away, and I must get out my porous wire sheet for holding the fresh sheet of sponge-cake. Here comes John, and it must be luncheon-time. I don't quite relish morning calls. They interfere so with one's work.

'She Was so Pleasant.'

In a New England village graveyard there is a headstone over an obscure grave, with this inscription of only four words upon it. Short as it is, it speaks the regret of a whole community for the loss of a beloved member. There are a great many clever girls in the world, a great many active ones, a great many who have special talents—but how many are there who oil every wheel of life about them with kindness, who radiate cheerfulness and sympathy as a sunbeam gives light?

New Features.

One of the new features of the 'Messenger' for 1900 will be the FIND THE PLACE ALMANAC. Each week a number of short texts will be given, one for each day, with a reference only to the book in which they are to be found. This will make a good exercise for Junior Societies or Sabbath-school classes, the scholars learning the texts and writing out the full references during the week. This plan has been tried by several superintendents and found to be successful in making the young people familiar with their Bibles. Generally the teacher or some friend offers some little prize for those who do the work without any assistance, and a lesser one for those who use aids of any kind. Parents will find this an interesting study with their children. Those who are accustomed to spend Sabbath afternoon or evening at home, are sometimes at a loss to know how to interest those under their care. The FIND-THE-PLACE-ALMANAC will be found to be a useful factor in such cases. Quite well-known texts, such as 'God is love,' are sometimes rather difficult to find, if one is not thoroughly well acquainted with one's Bible. How many could give the exact reference for the shortest verse in the Bible, without looking it up? Who could give the rererence for the longest verse? Who knows where to find the Ten Commandments? All intending to study these verses and look them up every week, may send their names to the 'Messenger' Honor Roll of Bible Searchers. Address all letters to the Editor of the 'Messenger,' 'Witness' Building, Montreal, marking 'Bible Searchers' in the corner of the envelope.

Another of our special features for 1900 will be our BOOK CORNER, in which we will give extracts from new books, and occasional reviews. These books will be such as would be profitable additions to the Sabbath-school libraries. They will be selected from among the newest and best tales of travel, and heroism, biographies of great men, and books for devotional hours, and children's stories.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

"Our five minute chat" produces immediate effect. A number of clubs have been received, many others are under way.
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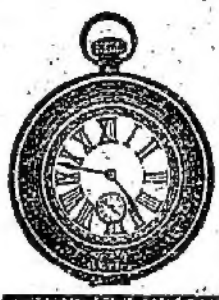

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